roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln?
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an
inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Doſt thou think *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may returne *Horatio*! Why may
not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander* till a finde it
ſtopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modeſty
enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth we
make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might
they not ſtop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!
But ſoft, but ſoft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The coarſe they follow did with deſperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of ſome eſtate:
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles ſhould be throwne on her,
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her